

The Opera

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The Opera

by [DarkmoonSigel](#), [DrJLecter](#)

Notes

So, I promised I'd write a few one shots for my omega verse and here's the first one. It would probably make more sense to read "The Pleasure of Giving in" first, but it can be read on its own.

Chapter 1

Will paced in Hannibal's living room, no, *their* living room, feeling on edge and nervous. He felt unsettled, annoyed even, though there really wasn't any good reason for it besides his own imagination running wild.

Rubbing his face with both of his hands in open irritation, Will dropped into one of the opulent green armchairs in the style of furniture Hannibal seemed to live for and sighed, staring up at the ceiling.

While they had been enjoying their breakfast this morning, Hannibal had taken it upon himself to invite Will to accompany him to the opera tonight.

It wasn't an unusual request in and of itself. Hannibal had done so several times before because it was the polite thing to do, even though he knew Will would decline the offer in favor of staying home.

Reservations had arisen in Will's mind recently when Hannibal had come back from the opera smelling of another Alpha. It hadn't just been the casual kind of scenting one got when passing another in the hallway. The foul odor of another Alpha had been clinging to Hannibal's clothing and hands as if the Omega, his Omega, had let this Alpha rub his scent all over him.

Recognizing the power play and punishment for his absence for what it was, Will still barely managed to control his need to reclaim Hannibal right there and then in the foyer. The Omega's knowing smirk had rankled as well as he admitted having to fight off the unwanted advances of a rather persistent patron at the opera. Hannibal claimed he had only managing it by showing the pushy Alpha his collar, leaving Will the sudden urge to find that rude Alpha with an unknown death wish and hang him with his own intestines.

For his own trespasses, Hannibal had definitely been sore come the next morning.

Deep down in the darkest chambers of his hidden heart, Will knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to chain Hannibal to their bed and not let him go to the fucking opera tonight, but that sort of reasoning would be unfair to his mate. Social butterfly that he was, Hannibal loved opera and has worked hard to maintain his high social status after being outed as an Omega. He needed to be seen and hold court with Baltimore's elite, lording over them as was his right.

To everyone's surprise, his popularity had even increased with the discovery of his true gender. To Hannibal's amusement and much to Will's deep seated ire, the Omega received more invites to events than ever before. It was something that bothered Will to no end. He wanted to have his mate to himself.

Glancing at his watch to note the time, Will knew Hannibal would probably be in the bedroom, perusing his wardrobe to find the tonight's perfect suit. Something eye catching, an outfit tailored perfectly to his body, one meant to impress everyone.

That thought alone finally spurred Will into action, a sudden idea making him grin. With a new found excitement and determination, Will got up, making his way to their bedroom.

There, just as he had predicted, the Alpha found Hannibal in his dressing room, which still intimidated Will to some degree. Seriously, who needed a whole room as a closet?

Clad only in tight black boxer briefs and not bothered in the least by it, Hannibal stood in front of a huge mirror mounted there, comparing different shirts and ties. Will found that he had to stifle a laugh when he saw how Hannibal checked out his own behind.

Seeing his mate in the reflection, Hannibal turned to regard Will with an arched eyebrow to silently inquire the reason for his amusement while daring him to claim that he was the source of it. His smile turning wicked and sharp around the edges, Will sobered up a bit as he put his plan into action.

"I'll be coming with you tonight." Will stated, all the while watching his Omega's face for his unspoken thoughts on the matter. Will had been expecting to see a personal triumph of sort. Instead the way Hannibal's eyes lit up from within made Will feel guilty for refusing for so long.

Deigning to walk fully into a room Will still considered to be solely Hannibal's one, the Alpha pressed a soft kiss to pliant lips. Running quick fingers over the Omega's collar, Will found the leather of it warmed up by body heat, the sensation pleasing Will. It meant that Hannibal had chosen to keep wearing his collar even when he didn't have to.

"I have one condition though." Will murmured, watching Hannibal closely. The Omega tensed slightly, but relaxed again after a second, leaving Will to marvel at the amount of trust shown, the wealth he had earned.

Leaning in close and reveling in the fact that he could, Will took a deep breath, scenting the clean smell of his freshly showered mate.

"I want to mark you in a way that no Alpha would even think about approaching you. That it would be futile to try any attempt to take you away from me." Will breathed out the words, letting them settle along Hannibal's skin.

Apparently the Omega found them discomforting, Hannibal frowned at that condition, his mouth pulling into a disapproving tilt.

"Will, you know it's frowned upon to wear scent marks on skin especially when in higher social circles." Hannibal chided quietly, already starting to disengage himself from Will.

In answer, the displeased Alpha pressed one of his hands to Hannibal's gorgeous ass and squeezed, pushing a finger into the crack.

"I wasn't talking about simply marking your skin." Will grinned, baring his teeth like the wolf in sheep's clothing he was.

When Hannibal realized the true meaning behind the Alpha's words, his ruby tinted eyes widened and his mouth opened, but nothing came out. Will pressed another kiss to the plump lower lip before turning around to leave him.

“Finish picking your suit. I’ll wait in the bedroom for you.” Will told the Omega, pressing some of his power as an Alpha into the words.

It wasn’t often that Will gave definite orders like that. Most of the time, he didn’t see the point, and the rest of it, he usually thought himself unworthy of giving someone like Dr. Hannibal Lecter, the Chesapeake Ripper, orders. This was important to him though, and to his inner delight, Hannibal wasn't complaining.

Stepping into the impressive bedroom, Will started to undress, throwing his clothes carelessly onto the chair near the door. It was to appease Hannibal to an extent. Will wasn't about to start folding his clothes, but he could keep them in one area at least.

Sitting down in the middle of the huge bed, Will leaned back against the headboard and closed his eyes. The thought of what would be happening soon had him already half hard. With a few lazy strokes, he easily brought himself to full hardness.

That’s how Hannibal found his Alpha. It was only with sheer determination that Will managed not to squirm under the intense gaze directed at him. He still wasn't comfortable with putting on show of himself for his mate, though his audience of one always appreciated his efforts.

On the Omega's part, he looked simply sinful, still only wearing his collar and underwear. The sight of the willing submission made Will reach down to squeeze the base of his cock, his knot already threatening to pop.

Stopping at the foot of the bed, Hannibal hesitated though. Tapping into their bond, Will could feel his Omega's uncertainty. Hannibal still had qualms about loss of total control. Rather than being angered by this defiance like most Alphas, Hannibal's resistance only made Will want to try harder, to coax the willingness out of him.

Giving his cock one last firm squeeze, Will crawled to the foot of the bed to kneel up in front of Hannibal. The action of it put his head just a bit above his mate’s. Though the differences in their heights weren't significant, it still sent a cheap thrill through Will to be taller for once.

Reaching out, Will stroked light fingers over a dark mark on Hannibal's collarbone, the bruise he’d left last night there, pushing his thumb under the soft leather of the collar to caress skin. When Hannibal lowered his head, Will pressed a soft kiss to his temple.

Before he could apologize about ordering Hannibal to bed, Will felt something being pressed at his other hand. Breaking off his adoration, Will looked down to find Hannibal holding out one of their favorite plugs.

It was enough to make Will draw a sharp breath, looking up in time to see there was a sharp grin on Hannibal’s lips. Will laughed out loud and gripped the soft strands of ashen hair with

both hands to bend Hannibal's head backwards.

"Bastard." Will murmured affectionately before diving into a heated, forceful kiss.

As one being, they tumbled back onto the bed, laughing and playing nipping at each other's skin. In a single smooth movement, Will disengaged himself long enough to tug Hannibal's underwear off him. Throwing them to whereabouts unknown earned Will a playful growl. One that he shut up with a kiss while his hands worked their way between their bodies to find Hannibal's hole. The Alpha was pleased to feel wetness there already waiting for him as he slipped a finger all the way in to the knuckle.

"Do you like the thought of me filling you?" Will whispered soft and dark as his intent against pliant lips. "Filling you deep to show everyone who you belong to?"

A soft moan escaped Hannibal's slack mouth as his large hands circled Will's waist to pull them closer together.

Teeth finding his mate's neck, in the crook of it just below the collar but above the shoulder, Will embraced his possessiveness, the primal urge to conquer, mark and own, those needs not inline his usual behavior. For once he decided to not holdback, knowing that Hannibal would be willing to indulge him.

Hell, he would even welcome a little blood.

Or a lot...

.....

tbc

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will does some thinking while at the opera.

Chapter Notes

This took quite long, but the story is not dead. I just need my porn muse to be helpful now and then, but she constantly refuses. *grumbles*

This chapter is not beta-ed.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will was watching.

Standing in one of the hidden places behind large decorative plants and tables with drinks and food he nursed his champagne and watched.

He witnessed how seemingly everyone was bowing and scraping around Hannibal, trying to get his attention and a few words with him. Alphas were posing and showing off, Omegas looked at him with adoration and envy and Betas simply appreciated his mate's knowledge and good company.

It was completely different from what Will had experienced and lived with all his life when it came to Omegas and their social status. Maybe high society really was a completely different world even in this. Remembering Hannibal's fears that had made him agree to bond with Will in the first place and how none of them had happened Will wondered if they'd be bond mates now had Hannibal known how readily his social circle had accepted and worshiped him as an Omega.

Ignoring the bitterness that wanted to crawl up Will's throat he concentrated on Hannibal and not the people around him. He looked truly at ease and in his element. His face was relaxed and a small smile played around his beautiful lips. With the perfectly tailored suit, a glass of champagne in his hand while the other performed elegant gestures to the words he gifted to the surrounding peasants he looked like a king among his entourage. He looked regal.

But Will knew better.

Will knew that his mate was filled with his come, spreading deep in his bowels, while a large plug was stuck in his rim, seated deeply and stopping anything from leaking out. For a moment Will had to close his eyes. He'd cleaned Hannibal thoroughly with his tongue afterwards, working around the base of the thick plug and between his ass cheeks, while his mate had keened and swallowed his pleas for release.

There was barely any trace of smell left after he'd been finished with him. Just enough to remind Hannibal where he belonged and definitely enough for an Alpha to smell if one dares to get too close. It had taken Hannibal a while to get his controlled appearance back and Will had watched with sordid pleasure as his Omega had struggled with his composure.

It was a good memory and one he will treasure.

Something must have leaked through their bond, because for a short moment Hannibal glanced into his direction. There was no reaction on his face, the cool mask and indifferent eyes in place, but Will felt the short buzz of arousal deep in his core and he smirked into his glass.

Hannibal's arousal must hurt by now. Being full and stretched with the constant reminder pressing against his prostate it was a true show of exactly how good his self control was. The control of a killer.

Will shivered at the thought.

It was still hard for Will to believe that this man was *his* and he was the one who'd managed to break that iron control, to see a side of Hannibal nobody gets to see. Ever. There was no remorse in him by now about what Hannibal does, what he is. For the first time in his life he was accepted, happy and wanted. Unconditionally. He would not give this up.

Slowly he started to walk along the walls of the hall, circling the masses of people, almost like a predator his prey, his eyes scanning the room. Will had started to use his empathy in a more purposeful way, guided by Hannibal's words and control sent to him through his bond. He wanted to prevent events like Tobias Budge and his attack on Hannibal. Thinking back about how battered and bruised and frayed Hannibal had looked in his office... Rage seared through Will.

No. He would find every rotten mind before they ever got the chance to come close to Hannibal.

"So you are the one who finally dragged Dr. Lecter out of the shell he's been hiding in all his life."

The voice coming from his left side startled Will out of his thoughts. Turning his head he let his gaze flit over a sharply cut bob, an outrageous décolleté, even more outrageous make up and expensive jewellery, before he settled on a pointed nose.

"Excuse me?"

“Oh, don’t be shy about it, my boy. I am glad you did. He’s downright glowing with it. I do hope it ends in a new feast at his house. You can’t keep his talent hidden from us,” she breathed a laugh.

Will tried to get past the slight lisp in her voice to actually listen to what she was saying and his face must have shown his surprise.

“Don’t look so surprised, of course I knew. I’ve been meeting him at the opera and in his house for years now and at some point it was clear to me, even though he did a marvelous job at hiding it.”

“I...” Will had absolutely no idea what to say or how to react.

A hand landed on his arm for a moment and he stifled the flinch.

“Don’t worry about it, my dear. You’re doing very well and to have caught Dr. Lecter’s eye you must be something really special. I’m glad you’re not one of those who keep their partner in the house and hidden from the world. It would be a true loss to all of us. Anyway, have a nice evening my dear,” and with a wink she made her way through the crowd, hips swaying in wide motions.

A wink.

He followed her with his eyes until his gaze landed on Hannibal’s approaching form. He saw him exchange some words with the woman when they met halfway, whispered with their heads close together, Hannibal bending down to listen to her words.

With surprise Will saw a genuine smile on Hannibal’s face as they both turned to him in unison regarding him, Hannibal with fond eyes, the woman with a leering grin. Ducking his head Will stared at his empty glass, avoiding their looks and the messages behind.

“She’s a very impressive woman, isn’t she?”

Will hummed his agreement when Hannibal stepped next to him a few moments later. Relaxing from the strain the event had put on his mind, Will slightly leaned into Hannibal’s broad frame.

They stood like that for a few moments until Will felt Hannibal shift in an uncharacteristically nervous gesture.

“Will?”

Straightening back up he regarded his mate with a curious look.

“You’re probably exhausted. I wouldn’t object to an early departure.”

Will blinked at him and then the penny dropped and the smile that broke out on his face was predatory.

“Are you sure? The evening is young. We’d have to find things to do once we leave.”

The look he received was glacial and Will looked down to hide his grin.

“I’m sure I can think about one or two things to do, Will,” came the stiff reply.

Putting his empty glass on a passing tray Will nodded.

“Of course, I’m sorry. Let’s go.”

The walk to the car was silent and Will observed Hannibal’s stiff movements, still elegant, but with a definite edge to it. He actually expected Hannibal to grip his elbow and drag him along faster any moment now. Will shivered.

He’d tormented a predator all evening, forcing him to endure the opera and conversations with his acquaintances the whole night while being under constant intense stimulation. He had no idea how Hannibal would react once they were back in their house.

The Bentley waited for them in front of the opera house, but instead of walking to the driver’s seat Hannibal pressed the keys into Will’s hands.

“I think it would be wise not to drive right now.”

Will nodded, but didn’t comment. Once he’d started the car and the brilliantly illuminated house was out of sight there was an audible sigh coming from Hannibal and Will placed a gentle touch on his mate’s thigh.

“I’m sorry if it was too much. I didn’t want to ruin your evening.”

A warm hand covered his hand then. “You didn’t ruin my evening, and it was certainly not too much. I was a quite interesting experience, but I see no need to drag it out endlessly when we both would rather be at home.”

Will threw a quick glance to the side and found Hannibal watching him, his eyes dark and intense.

Taking a deep breath he concentrated back on the road, trying not to speed too much. The fire simmering in his abdomen grew and the need to be home and naked with Hannibal became stronger by the moment.

Drumming his fingers on the steering wheel while waiting out a red light he wondered who was more desperate at the moment.

Chapter End Notes

So this was more like a filler chapter to tease what's coming next. I'm sorry?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal return from the opera to finally resolve that tension that had been building up all evening.

Chapter Notes

So here's finally the smut you all have been waiting for ;)

Some feelings crept in at the end though, I apologize x)

(unbetaed)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The second he shut down the engine in the garage Will was out of the car, waiting impatiently, bouncing on his toes and fidgeting with his suit jacket while Hannibal calmly unlocked the doors.

Will's breathing was almost erratic by the time they'd made it to the bedroom, whereas Hannibal looked as calm as ever, with a small smile tilting up his lips. As soon as the door closed behind Will though he found himself pushed hard against the dark wood, lifted effortlessly off his feet by strong hands.

With a gasp he wrapped his legs around Hannibal's hips and held onto strong shoulders while his mouth was assaulted by lips, sharp teeth and tongue.

This was what he'd wanted. Hannibal wild and uncontrolled and taking what he craved. Way too often it was expected of him to yield in his public life.

Wrapping his limbs tighter around his mate he pressed his heels against Hannibal's ass, moving the plug and making Hannibal buck up into him with a groan.

“Will.”

“Yes. Yes, Hannibal,” he whispered into Hannibal's ear, pressing kisses on every inch of skin he could reach.

A moment later he lost the solid touch of the door on his back when Hannibal pushed away and simply carried him to their bed dropping him onto the sheets unceremoniously. It always was such a turn on when Hannibal showed how strong he was and he could only moan.

Will crawled back up the bed, watching Hannibal standing there, towering, his chest heaving with deep breaths. For a moment time stopped and the dark and intense gaze sent a sharp spike of want through Will, his hips twitching up from the mattress.

It finally seemed to spur Hannibal into action and with swift movements of elegant fingers he started to undress, while Will mirrored him, hastily getting rid of his suit, carelessly pushing the fabric off the bed to his side. Hannibal didn't even arch a reproachful eyebrow, his eyes glued to Will's body, burning with heat.

Will felt entirely alive, his pulse racing in his veins and then Hannibal finally climbed on top of him, their bodies touching from head to toe. He let out a deep groan, relishing the contact, the heat of Hannibal's skin.

After a moment he felt Hannibal shift and the heavy gasp he felt against his neck told him that the heavy plug was no longer seated deep in his mate's hole. He wanted to disapprove, because he'd been looking forward to doing this all evening, but before he could voice his protest, Hannibal straddled him and sank down on his swollen cock in one smooth glide.

His body arched off the bed, fingers clawing at Hannibal's thighs while he tried to get his breath back into his lungs. Strong hands pushed him down to the mattress and before he found his brain again Hannibal started a hard rhythm and rode him with a relentless speed.

"Hannibal, oh god," he gasped.

There was slick and lube and old come easing the way and Will marveled on how loose Hannibal felt. Being stretched by the plug for hours had opened his hole up to the point where Will felt no resistance at all. Just heat and smoothness. It felt amazing.

Will could only watch Hannibal's face. With closed eyes, slack mouth and a crease between his eyebrows he looked completely lost in his pleasure. The movement of his hips slowed down, turning into undulating movements, rolling back and forth until a gasp told Will that Hannibal's prostate had been stimulated. The pleasure made Hannibal clench around him and that was the last push he needed for his knot to swell.

Gripping Hannibal's hips tightly Will pushed up and deep into him, his own moan mixing with the first sound Hannibal let out, a low vibrating groan pressed out of him by the pleasure zinging through his veins.

Will's knot grew quickly now and soon he felt Hannibal's movements slowing down, as it became too big to smoothly slip in and out of his dripping hole. Usually he would be stuck by now, but with his internal muscles loosened and soft Hannibal still managed to rock up and down marginally. The pressure was exquisite and Will saw stars as he came hard, breath stuck in his throat.

Hannibal followed just a few moments later and the pressure as his whole body tensed in pleasure got Will to arch from the bed with a gasp.

Placing his forehead on Hannibal's breastbone Will he tried to regain some sort of control over his rapid breathing and he was glad to see that Hannibal wasn't faring much better.

"That was...wow." He let out a breathless laugh.

"Indeed." Strong arms came up around his shoulders and back, holding him close, hands stroking circles over his skin.

When the itching of the drying come on his stomach became too much and his muscles felt as if they'd be ready to support him again, Will carefully untangled the arms around him and reached to the drawer next to the bed to find some tissues.

The movements made Hannibal gasp and clench around him again, sending a spark of heat through his body.

Quickly he cleaned himself and his mate, before Hannibal expertly shifted around until they could both lie down on their sides, Will pressed to his strong back.

He placed gentle kisses on the still damp skin and wrapped his arms around Hannibal's middle, shifting as close to the warm body in front of him as he could.

They stayed quiet for a few minutes until Will started to worry over the absolute stillness in the broad frame in front of him. Usually Hannibal was more forthcoming with touches or soft words in the afterglow, so the lack of any reaction was disconcerting.

"Hannibal? Are you okay?" He stroke along his spine with his hand, trying to soothe whatever seemed to bother him.

A deep breathed expanded Hannibal's ribcage under his arm before he nodded.

"Do not worry. Everything is fine. I..." he hesitated. "I am still surprised sometimes."

Will worried his lower lip with his teeth, before prompting, "Surprised by what?"

A warm hand covered the one Will had pressed to Hannibal's chest.

"Surprised by how much I like what you do to me. I never expected to fall as easy into this role as I did."

Will frowned.

"Is it that? A role?"

"Everyone is playing roles, Will. Everyone fulfills the roles life, society and other people place on them. It's how humans find structure in their existence. My roles have been set and clear for many years now. The roles as your mate and as an Omega... they are still foreign to me in some ways, especially when you do something to remind me of them."

Will's hand was taken up and soft kisses were pressed on his fingertips, his palm.

Placing his forehead to Hannibal's back he closes his eyes and sighs.

"I understand. I guess. Every day it's a wonder to me to see where I am now, knowing that I'm yours and that you accepted me into your life, your house. You didn't have to do any of that. You don't have to let me do all these things if you don't want to, you know? I guess I'm playing the role society has placed upon me a bit too well."

At his words Hannibal twisted his upper body around, until he could reach Will's face to pull him close for a soft kiss.

"Will, please. Don't. I am very happy and content where I am and I do not want things to change. You are my Alpha and it is exactly how I want things to be."

Before Will was able to respond, Hannibal turned around and leaned away, reaching for something on his bedside table. When he leaned back he was putting his collar on and Will let out a small sound. He would never get over how the leather looked wrapped around his throat and he could feel his cock twitch where it was still buried in his mate.

Hannibal clearly felt it, because there was an almost smug look on his face when he turned back, before it softened into something close to reverence.

"Please, never doubt that I am exactly where I want to be, Will."

Swallowing hard, he could only nod, his throat feeling tight with a heavy lump. Shifting close again he buried his nose in the short hair on the back of Hannibal's neck, one of his hands placed around the strong neck right over the soft leather.

"Me too."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and commenting and leaving Kudos!

I'm looking for another beta since DarkmoonSigel's life doesn't leave her a lot of time to help me with my fics. If someone wants to try or knows someone who would be willing to help me out, I'd be very very grateful!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!